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IN LONDON;

OR,

THE MODERN DREAM

OWN ECLOGUES.

By George

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Translations

OF

HORACE

LONDON:

JOHN KENTISHAM WILSON, CR. BAKER

ST. MARK'S, CO. HILL, AND JOHN WILSON

1, NEW-ST. COVENT-GARDEN

VIRGIL IN LONDON;

OR,

*First edition
of "The Modern Dunciad"
Pickering, 1835*

TOWN ECLOGUES.

[Daniel, George.]

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Imitations

OF

HORACE.



LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR EFFINGHAM WILSON, 88, ROYAL-
EXCHANGE, CORNHILL, AND JOHN MILLER,
25, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.**

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VIRGIL IN LONDON;

Y. M. Morgan, Donor
Presentation, 1832

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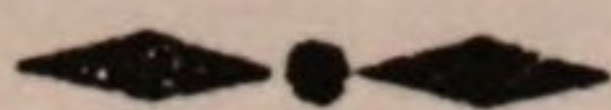
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INTRODUCTORY DIALOGUE.

*Lady ***** & Author.*

*Lady ******

WHAT, "Virgil in London!"—'twill never go down—

He'll meet but a sorry reception in town;

His manners are coarse, and his language, you know

(As Dryden translates,) is exceedingly low;

n old-fashion'd poet, whose obsolete rhymes
 Will ne'er suit the taste of these whimsical times;
 Unlike Thomas Little, all pathos and passion,
 Bard, who, I'm sure, will be always in fashion!
 But what hieroglyphics are these that I see?—

(looking at the page.)

ord F—— with a dash, and the Countess of D——
 o scandal, I hope.— *(reading.)*

Author.

Not a stroke of ill-nature,
 All sober morality, good-humour'd satire;
 Some lines about love, yet so modest and chaste;
 In short, 'tis a work to your Ladyship's taste.

*Lady ******

But why thus confine your poetical rage?
 Give scope to your talents, and write for the stage;

'Tis a second-hand task o'er the classics to pore,
And Virgil has had his translators before.

Author.

The stage!—'twere in vain for your poet to try,
No half-witted melo-dramatist am I:

Yet, grant me applauses; pray how could I brook
To share them with Pocock, with Arnold, and Hook!

*Lady ******

Write a poem in Erse—

Author.

And provoke the reviews!

What! rival the chaste Caledonian muse?

I envy not Scott all the charms of his lay,

His fame, nor his profit; not I, by *my fay*!

Lady *****

Then conjure up spirits, and boldly advance,
 A champion for fame in the field of romance;
 If that will not do, try your hand at a libel,
 Write catch-penny novels, or notes on the bible!
 Take the muse of Fitzgerald and flatter the great;
 Write pamphlets, you'll p'rhaps prove of use to
 the state ;
 Turn critic, but ne'er *condescend* to translate.

Author.

Though pedants may rail, though the learned may
 frown,
 Still Virgil shall make his appearance in town.
 A masquerade, pic nic, or grand City ball,
 A Carleton-house fête, or a squeeze at Vauxhall,
 A blue-stocking rout, where the Countess Albina
 Defies all the visiting world to outshine her,

The playhouse, the park, and occasional news,
 Shall furnish most excellent themes for his muse.
 How like you the thought?

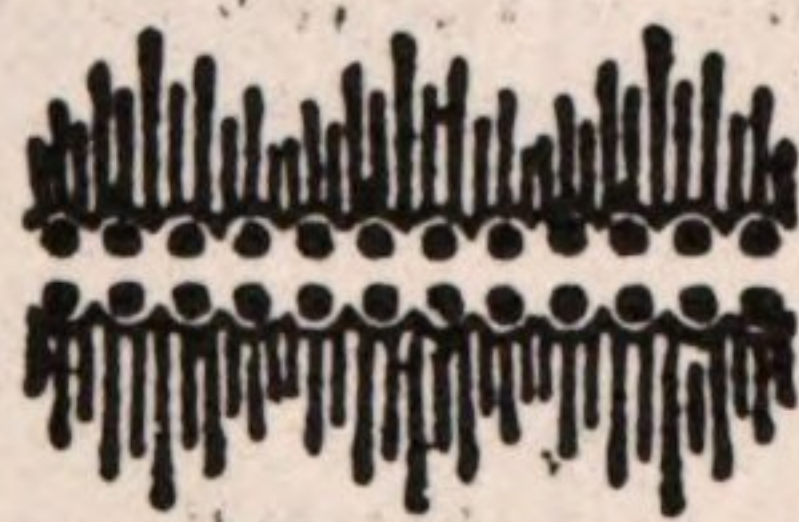
Lady *****

Why the subject is witty,
 'Tis a novel idea, and exceedingly pretty!
 For Virgil to sing, when he travels from home,
 The fashions of London as well as of Rome.
 The grave with the gay you must artfully blend:
 If dull, you will tire; if severe, you'll offend;
 Be cautious, and take the advice of a friend.

Author.

Ye critics! before whose tribunal severe,
 As a dutiful Bard I am bound to appear;
 Ye grave Aristarchusses! Monthly reviewers!
 Ye cold-hearted judges, who strive to undo us!

To a poet be merciful once in your lives,
And spare him the smarts of your critical knives.
If sometimes, a truant from classical rules,
His muse take a licence unknown to the schools,
Reflect *Alma-mater* is nothing to him,
A laughing disciple of frolic and whim;
Nor damn a poor author for trifles like these,
Who strives to amuse, and whose aim is to please.



ECLOGUE I.

THE RETIRED CITIZEN

TO HIS

FRIEND IN TOWN.

Fortunate Senex, hic inter flumina nota,
Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum.

Virgil, Ecloga

WHILE you, M*****, fond of noise and str

Endure the bustle of a City life,

Content with Mopsa, your enamour'd bride,

To breathe the smoky vapours of Cheapside;

I, far remov'd from busy scenes like these,
Enjoy the morning sun, the evening breeze ;
To rural prospects unrepining go,
While life has yet some pleasures to bestow.

Let groping Misers ev'ry art employ
In heaping gold for others to enjoy ;
And, when their short career is nearly run,
Drive to the country in a chaise and one ;—
Let sober Cits, resolv'd to take a trip,
Give once a year their customers the slip,
And rashly dare (anticipating joy)
The ten-fold horrors of a Margate-hoy ;
Let them, good folks ! forsake the town in droves,
And idly stray through Dandelion's groves,
Or, proud to shew a daughter's clumsy air,
Half stifled in a ball-room, strut and stare ;
Let them, in shuffling cards and throwing dice,

Expend a twelvemonth's profits in a trice,
 And, cursing inwardly their journey down,
 With empty pockets travel back to town;—
 Let am'rous Beaux and love-inspiring Belles,
 With eager steps repair to Sadler's Wells;
 Where queer Grimaldi, straining ev'ry limb,
 Displays his antics, oddity, and whim;—
 Let them repair to Surry, or the Stews,
 The darling haunt of stock-jobbers and Jews,
 Where close contending crowds are squeez'd to death,
 To see that bloody pantomime, *Macbeth*;—
 Let them at Astley's pass the sultry night,
 And gape with wonder at the 'Blood-red Knight;
 Or, fond of rural scenes, at close of day
 To Vauxhall Gardens speed their eager way,
 Where Pandean minstrels shew their piping skill,
 And warbling Feron boasts her note so shrill:—
 Beneath a shade I take my cheerful glass,

Nor let the precious moments idly pass ;
 Those blissful moments, which in age we learn
 Too swiftly vanish'd, never to return.

For wealth, the most desir'd of earthly things,
 Is only useful for the joys it brings ;
 And may I never tauntingly be told
 I simply barter'd happiness for gold.
 Let me, 'ere gouty ills, a direful train,
 Disturb my rest, and rack my joints with pain,
 Or cough consumptive, when I mount the stairs,
 In hollow sounds delight my greedy heirs,
 Improve by mirth this remnant of my span,
 And gaily cut a caper while I can ;
 For age is not a time for roguish tricks,
 And few can dance a reel at sixty-six.

Our neighbour Gripus left his shop and'till,

To breathe the purer air of Greenwich-hill,
 To taste the soft delights of rural bow'rs,
 But not till age had frozen all his pow'rs:
 Scarce to these scenes of pleasure did he go,
 'Ere gout, relentless, fasten'd on his toe;
 Although, to shorten his declining life,
 He lack'd no better torment than his wife.—
 Old Discount, who, in forty years retreat,
 Had snuff'd the wholesome air of Lombard-street,
 First felt his sudden passion to retire,
 When Farmer Gubbins, o'er a Christmas fire,
 Declar'd what sterling joy the country yields,
 And prais'd his dogs, his horses, and his fields.
 The thought prevail'd; for now the time had com
 When Discount boasted he had rais'd a plum.
 To leave the town and rusticate dispos'd,
 His books are balanc'd, his accounts are clos'd;
 In larded sureties he invests his gains,

And not one debt unsatisfied remains :

He builds, he plants, and counts his future years,

When Death, a ruthless creditor, appears :

Enough that Discount did his life employ

In *hoarding* riches—let his heirs *enjoy*.

While yet my limbs are sound, and health remains,

While yet the blood runs freely through my veins,

'Ere watchful Time, with slow and silent pace,

Engraves a thousand wrinkles on my face ;

'Ere yet my eyes grow dim, my hearing fail,

I'll climb the hill, and wander through the vale ;

Hear the sweet lark salute the rising day,

And Philomela pour her evening lay ;

Or with some chosen friend, in woodbine bow'r,

In social converse pass the cheerful hour,

Talk of our youthful days in merry vein,

And act our sports and gambols o'er again ;

For many a sport had I, at many a time,
 In youth's gay spring, when life was in its prime.

On Sabbath-days some visitor comes down,
 And brings me all the latest news from town;
 How many Frenchmen we have put to flight,
 And who is made a bankrupt, who a knight.
 Proud of my snug retirement, 'ere we dine
 I shew my guest my cattle and my kine,
 My well-stor'd greenhouse, warm and trimly neat,
 Where social plants from ev'ry climate meet;
 My young plantation, full of vernal shoots,
 My Summer blossoms and Autumnal fruits:
 And cry,—“ Who'd pass a life of toil and pain
 Amid the gloomy cells of Gutter-lane,
 Forsaking quiet, happiness, and ease,
 When life has yet in store such joys as these?”

Happy old man! my house and grounds my own,*

I envy not the monarch on his throne.

What though the dust in Summer blind my eyes,

And bleak and cold the wint'ry tempests rise,

No noisy fish-wife bellows me to death,

No rank unwholesome vapours stop my breath.

Happy old man! here, in my country box

And fruitful fields, I learn the price of stocks,

As from my woodbine arbour, green and gay,

(The Hampstead stages passing twice a-day,)

My only daughter, zealous to amuse

My fond impatience, reads the weekly news:

While from his gilded cage, suspended near,

The warbling blackbird pours his notes so clear;



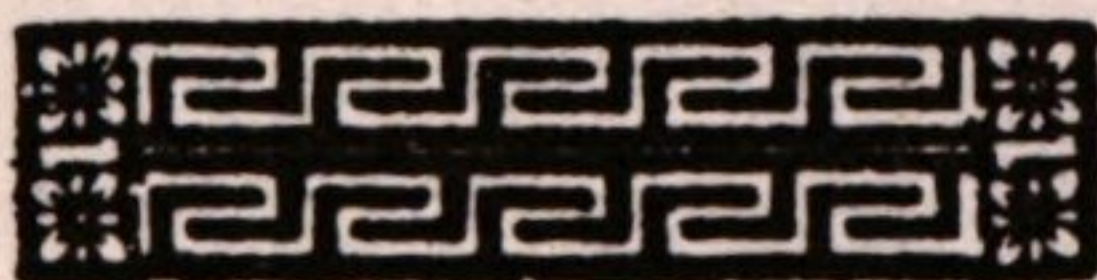
* Fortunate Senex, ergo tua rura manebunt:

Et tibi magna satis; quamvis lapis omnia nudus, &c. &c.

Or saucy Pol, with many an oath in store,
Calls from his prison, "Cuckold, rogue, and wh—re."

Then come, my friend! 'tis Nature's self invites ;
Leave London's toilsome days and anxious nights ;
Indulgent Heav'n has multiplied thy store,
Enough for thee, and canst thou wish for more ?
To rival patriots leave the sinking state,
Nor hope to shew thy talent for debate ;
For zealous Waithman, though he stamps and strains,
Will never get one farthing for his pains.
The civic honors never think to share,
Nor let ambition mark thee for a May'r ;
Attend to Prudence, while a hint she drops—
Thou would'st not emulate the man of hops !
Be honest, and thy conscience will applaud ;
Hear this, my S——y ! hush ! I mean, my Lord !

Thus, in the midst of exercise and health,
Thy mind shall learn the real use of wealth;
In stepping wide from Mammon's sordid elves,
And doing good to others and ourselves.



ECLOGUE II.

ALEXIS.

BENEATH a shade, near Inner-temple-lane,
 Sat fond Alexis, a despairing swain;
 A lawyer he, whom cruel Love in sport
 Had driv'n, relentless, from the Inns of Court:
 Who, since he bow'd to Cupid's galling yoke,
 Had thought no more of Lyttleton and Coke;
 But tun'd his plaintive harp to grief alone,
 And Gray's-inn-gardens answer'd to his moan.

"Ah! Easter Monday! Day for ever dear!
 Thou blythesome herald of the vernal year;

To me, alone, thou prov'st a galling smart,
 For on thy luckless day I lost my heart.—
 Fair was the morn, at six o'clock I rose,
 And view'd with eager eyes my Sunday clothes;
 Th' embroider'd vest, the pantaloons so trim,
 The high-crown'd modish hat with narrow brim,
 The Hessian boot, the coat with taper skirt,
 The clear-starch'd cravat, and the ruffled shirt;
 Equipp'd in these, a natty London spark,
 I march'd with hasty steps to Greenwich Park;
 Through clouds of dust I bent my eager way,
 With jocund carol, for my heart was gay,
 And little thinking I should find, 'ere night,
 My heart so heavy and my purse so light.
 Ye Muses, by Apollo's sacred hill, *



* Nymphas, noster amor, Libethrides, aut mihi carmen,
 Quale meo Crodro, &c. &c.

Whom once I woo'd, (and let me woo thee still !)
 When, warm with passion and the rural scene,
 I sung the black-ey'd Maid of Stepney Green,
 Teach me once more to sing my am'rous pains,
 And Blouzelinda's charms, in equal strains.
 For no fair nymph, that ever met my view,
 Look'd half so lovely, and so modest too,
 In hamlet, village, or fair London-town,
 As Blouzelinda in her Sunday gown !
 Her swelling breasts beneath a 'kerchief white
 Were half reveal'd, and mock'd the longing sight ;
 A hat of straw her auburn hair confin'd,
 Save some stray locks which sported in the wind ;
 And Nature, bounteous Nature, bade disclose
 Her neck the lily, and her cheeks the rose.

“ Whilome did I so venturesome repair,

As one devoid of thought, to Greenwich Fair ?

Oh! had some sudden squall the boat upset,
 Or Goose, the tailor, lock'd me up for debt,
 I then had lost (a far less painful smart)
 My life, or liberty—but not my heart.

* —As lately at the river's brink I stood
 In meditation deep, at Hornsey Wood,
 While ling'ring Sol delay'd his parting beam,
 I saw my face reflected in the stream:
 My eyes look'd bright, (with diffidence I speak,)
 And youthful blushes glow'd upon my cheek;
 I mark'd my form, (to Vestris no disgrace,)
 Where just proportion vied with manly grace:
 But, since these beauties charm my love no more,
 I shun the fountains which I sought before;



* *Nec sum adeò informis : nupèr me in littore vidi,
 Cùm placidum ventis staret mare : non ego Daphnim,
 Iudice te ; metuam, si nunquam fallat imago.*

No former pastimes with my mind agree,
 And taw and skittles have no charms for me.

Canst thou forget, when, warm with love and ale,
 I whisper'd in thine ear my tender tale?
 How didst thou blush at Cupid's soft command,
 (The glass of negus trembling in thy hand,)
 And, while at ev'ry word you sweetly sigh'd,
 In gentle accents swore to be my bride!
 Did I not shew my love, and eke my skill,
 When thou in sport wert rolling down the hill,
 And some rude clown, a blockhead lost to shame,
 Declar'd he *saw*, what I should blush to *name*;
 I doff'd my coat, my shirt, and waistcoat too,
 And beat the lying rascal black and blue.
 Didst thou not promise everlasting truth,
 If I would take thee but to Saunders' booth,
 To see the tailor, in equestrian pride,

With crupper, whip, and spurs, to Brentford ride?

Did I not shew thee ev'ry kind of fun;—

Cows with three heads, that never had but one;

Sage necromancers, who, to conjuring prone,

Tell ev'ry body's fortunes but their own;

And Lady Morgan short, and Patrick tall?

No Yorkshire Club was ours—I paid for all.

Yes, cruel maid! and no reward I seek,

Though that day's frolic made me fast a week,

Bear witness to my vows, ye pow'rs above!

I ask no other payment, but thy love;

No fonder pledge I crave, my lovely girl!

Than that thou gav'st me o'er a pint of purl.

Come to my longing arms, my lovely care! *



* Huc ades, O formose puer. Tibi lilia plenis

Ecce ferunt Nymphæ calathis: tibi candida Nais, &c. &c.

And take the presents which the Gods prepare!

The macaroni cake, the Chelsea-bun,

And almonds crisp, and raisins of the sun:

But what avails it that I yield my store? *

The wealthy Daphnis still will offer more,

And Blouzelinda has too sweet a tooth

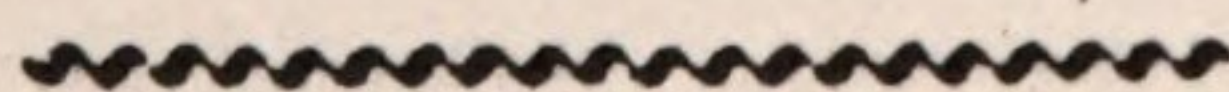
To scorn his gifts, and wed the poorest youth.

In splendid courts, let haughty princes reign, †

The shepherd loves the forest and the plain:—

The prowling dun the hungry bard pursues,

The politician travels after news,



* Rusticus es, Corydon: nec munera curat Alexis:

Nec si muneribus certes, concedet Iolas.

† ————— Pallas, quas condidit arces

Ipsa colat: nobis placeant ante omnia Sylvæ.

Torva læna lupum sequitur, lepus ipse capellam.

Florentem cytisum sequitur, lasciva capella:

Te Corydon, O Alexi: trahit sua quemq; voluptas.

The unpaid tailor dogs the London spark,
 The curious hunt the Cossack through the park,
 Each has his diff'rent *hobby*:——by this rule,
 Sir Claudius plays the courtier, Coates the fool,
 My lord the jockey, Skeffington the beau,
 And love's my hobby, wheresoe'r I go.

Resound, ye hills! resound my mournful strain,
 Of perjur'd Blouzelinda I complain!
 The doctor tries his Esculapian skill,
 He draws the lancet, and prescribes the pill,
 And lays for Cupid many an artful lure;
 But love's a pang, which physic cannot cure;

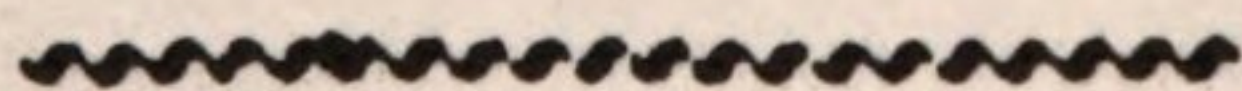


* Report says, that Alexander Zemlenutin is nearly related to the renowned Baron Munchausen; we should rather suspect him to be cousin-german to Captain Bobadil,—“*Twenty more—kill them!*”

A ruthless Dun, devoted to his prey,
By night tormenting, as he plagues by day.

But see, the night emits unwholesome damps,
And nimble linkboys run to light their lamps;
Now strolls the painted Cyprian in the dark,
I'll to the Basin, in St. James's Park:—

* Farewell! the lawyer's quirk, the pleader's bawl;
Ye fields of Lincoln's-inn, and Justice-hall!
Farewell! the Park, the Playhouse, and Pall-mall!
Blouzy, adieu!—and all the world, farewell!



* Non ego vos posthac, viridi projectus in antro,
Dum'osâ pendere procul de rupe videbo.
Carmina nulla canam: non, me pascente, capellæ,
Florentem cytisum et salices carpetis amaras.

ECLOGUE III.

THE

Discarded Minister.

Amicus.

* Ho! Georgius, whither on thy way so fast,
From good St. Stephen's?—

Georgius.

† Ah! my friend; at last,

* Quo te, Mæri, pedes; an quò via ducit, in urbem?

† O Lycida, vivi pervenimus, advena nostri

(Quod nunquam veriti sumus) ut possessor agelli

Diceret: Hæc mea sunt: veteres migrate coloni.

(Would I had never liv'd, this day to see;
 Strange revolution for the state and me!)
 His H——ss, who has ow'd me long a grudge,
 Exclaims, "You cringing ragamuffin, budge!
 Too long, restricted, have I borne thy prate,
 Who form'd thee for a minister of state?
 A fellow, who, to serve his private ends,
 Gives ev'ry place of profit to his friends!
 No more I'll have a herd of Scotch petitioners,
 Clerks of the crown, or Navy-board commissioners."

Amicus,

But what will now become of your colleagues,
 Their ways and means, their councils, their intrigues?
 What other premier will they chuse?

Georgius.

God knows!

I weep to think of leaving treasurer R—e;
 Methinks, I hear him cry, distracted, vexed,
 “Forebodings tell me that my turn comes next!”
 And then the upright man dissolves in tears,
 To lose the place he’s held for twenty years.

Amicus.

And plodding V——t——t, will they reject him?

Georgius.

P’rhaps not; impassive Dulness shall protect him
 He has no dang’rous particle of sense,
 But all is solid—shillings, pounds, and pence.—
 ’Tis not in honest Nicholas to think;
 Suffice it, that he uses pens and ink,
 To calculate with nicety the sum
 Of new imposts and taxes yet to come.

Amicus.

Will C——agh partake of your disgrace?

Georgius.

No—Impudence will keep him in his place :

A broad-fac'd, smooth assurance is his forte,

Which makes him still a favorite at court.

The man has talents, though deserving blame,

And boasts of every sense—but that of shame.

Amicus.

What will they do with R——r, let me ask?

“An oracle within an empty cask!”

He rises,—with the awful subject big,

And shakes the powder'd honors of his wig;

He speaks;—a mute attention fills the house,

The mountain is delivered of its mouse.

Georgius.

He, p'rhaps, may prove of service to the state,
 In matters of small consequence and weight;
 He'll make an act to walk the parish bounds,
 And see that sleepy watchmen go their rounds,
 Or, with a face most ludicrously stern,
 He'll move—the yawning house do now adjourn.

Amicus.

But hast thou, (pray excuse the thing I mention,)
 No small reversion, sinecure, or pension,
 No private grant, no ministerial dow'r,
 To recompense thee for thy loss of pow'r?
 No secret bribe to make retirement sweet?
 Come, say how much might purchase thy retreat?

Georgius.

For neither pension, sinecure, or bribe,

Am I indebted to the courtly tribe;
 My income too, of all incumbrance clear,
 Does not exceed five thousand pounds a-year.
 Ungrateful public!—in declining age,
 To hiss a hoary Vet'ran off the stage.
 Was it for this I brav'd the party-storm,
 And silenc'd the loud Demon of Reform,
 Which first assail'd me in a thousand tongues,
 With dauntless forehead, and stentorian lungs?
 Was it for this, I bore, with tranquil breast,
 The bitter sarcasm, the biting jest;
 The sneering glance of scorn, the tart lampoon,
 Of ev'ry blust'ring patriot and buffoon?
 Was it for this, I made a glorious stand,
 And gave corruption both my heart and hand,
 When my poor brother ministerial blocks
 Were crush'd beneath the arguments of Fox?

Ungrateful country!—to reward so ill
A tool so long devoted to thy will.

Amicus.

Mourn not, my friend, thy public life is o'er,
There's nothing left behind thee to deplore;
For what is power, but trouble, care, and pain?
Hard to acquire, uneasy to retain;
And of two worthless, false, deceiving' things,
Prefer e'en Peter's faith to that of kings.
O! fly from court, to Nature's rural scenes,
To patient drudges leave the ways and means;
There health is borne on ev'ry breeze that blows,
There murm'ring streams shall lull thee to repose.

Georgius.

What fancied scenes of happiness you trace,
Strange comfort for a statesman out of place!

Who, by no oaths political confin'd,
 Dare, (mirabile dictu!) speak his mind.
 No spot on earth to me is half so fair,
 As Hyde-park-corner, or St. James's Square;
 And Happiness has surely fixed her seat
 In Palace-yard, Pall-mall, and Downing-street.
 Are hills, and dales, and valleys, half so gay
 As bright St. James's on a Levee Day?
 What fierce extatic transports fill my soul,
 To hear the drivers swear, the coaches roll;
 The courtiers compliment, the ladies clack,
 The satins rustle, and the whalebones crack!
 What! shall a fallen minister regale
 On slices of brown bread, and home-brew'd ale?
 And shock his taste, so delicately fine,
 With food on which a cannibal might dine?
 That taste, so pamper'd with each sav'ry dish,
 One scarce can tell if it be fowl or fish,

Some rich, delicious, frenchified, and new,
 Well pepper'd, hot, inflammable ragout!
 What! shall a statesman, though his fortune frowns,
 Converse with farmers, dairy-maids, and clowns;
 Lay his opinion open to rebuke,
 And please a boor, when he might charm a duke?
 And, O! the greatest nuisance in the land,
 Shall squire and vicar shake him by the hand,
 Or bellowing huntsman, follow'd by his pack,
 With hearty thump salute him on the back?
 No, let me rather to the Court return,
 And bow, and cringe, and scrape, and fawn in turn;
 Adopt mad schemes by restless Wh—t——d plann'd,
 Or, all unnotic'd, at a Levee stand;
 Yes, let me rather live to see the day
 That joins me to the politics of G—y;
 (Ah! how unlike a minister his manner is,)
 And tears me from the warden of the stannaries

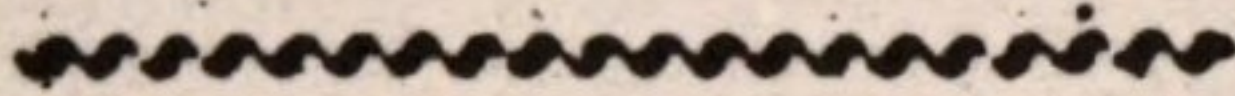
Or, of hot zeal and superstition full,
 With ready faith embrace the papal bull;
 Let friars eat me out of house and home,
 Or travel, on a pilgrimage, to Rome.
 Let me the words of bullying F—ll—r quote,
 Or to that puppy H—ll—d give my vote
 To calculate the ex-officio fibs
 Of my old worthy friend Sir V———y G——s.
 And, once for all, in winding up the sum
 Of evils present, past, and yet to come,
 Oh! let me prove that faction-stirring prig,
 Whom disaffected blockheads call a whig!
 And hear myself proclaim'd, by hawkers loud,
 Political Jack-Pudding of the crowd.

Amicus.

Since you're resolv'd, I have no more to say,
 But banish thought and sorrow for a day;

* Some disappointment cross'd the R--g--t's mind,
 The Q---n look'd grave, or H--t---d prov'd un-
 kind;

But let the worst arrive; now, pray consider,
 You can but truckle to the highest bidder.



* This conjecture is, without doubt, reasonable: it is not uncommon to see "Cœlestibus iræ," anger in heavenly minds.

ECLOGUE IV.

CRAMBO.

'Twas in that glorious season of the year,
 When vernal shoots and op'ning buds appear,
 When tuneful songsters ply the feather'd wing,
 And Nature welcomes the return of Spring,
 When airy females doff the Winter ruff,
 And walk the great metropolis in buff,
 Sporting the modish hat, the ribbon gay,
 With jocund hearts, anticipating May;
 'Twas in that month, when urchins, loos'd from
 school,
 Make, (fond of mischief,) many an April fool,

And to some crabbed dame, demurely cry—
 Your stocking's down, your cap is pinn'd awry!
 'Twas in that season, when the God of Day
 Once more resumes his renovating sway,
 When soft the rivers glide, the zephyrs blow,
 And farmers see their future harvests grow.

* Two prowling bailiffs, hunting after prey,
 Through ancient Grub-street sped their cautious
 way,
 When, just at dawn, with joyful hearts they found
 The tuneful Crambo prostrate on the ground.
 That Crambo, whom, with wond'rous toil and pain,
 Three tedious days they sought, but sought in vain;
 That Crambo, who, though tipsy and in tatters,



* ————— Chromis et Mnasilus in antro

Silenum pueri somno videre jacentem, &c. &c. &c.

Was still the very prince of odes and satires ;
 That Crambo, who defied a groaning pit,
 And still was thought a poet and a wit,
 And, ne'er repining at his fate severe,
 Was damn'd at Covent-garden twice a-year.

Now, with a piece of cord, both long and hard,
 The wary bailiffs bound the sleeping bard,
 Lest, when he woke, (a case we often see,)
 Crambo should prove the nimblest of the three.
 His pockets next they rummag'd, but the duns
 Found naught but scraps of epigrams and puns,
 Flat, fulsome, panegyrics, stiff in stays,
 Remnants of farce, and fragments of new plays;
 Love-sonnets, form'd the appetite to glut,
 With interlarded sentiment and smut ;
 An ode to riches, an address to morn,
 With duplicates of sundry things in pawn;

Satires to give the ministers a trimming,
 Dull elegies, and sermons for old women ;
 Smooth verses, full of groves and tinkling rills ;
 " The Spirit of the Book," and alehouse bills,
 A Scotch romance in namby-pamby verse,
 Three speeches of a tragedy in Erse,
 A mouldy crust, directions for a purge,
 And libels for the Satirist and Scourge ;
 A string of resolutions on the tapis,
 Petitions to the Prince against the Papists ;
 Proposals for a volume in the press,
 Letters to friends complaining of distress ;
 Requesting they would all with open hands come,
 And lott'ry puffs for Bish and Lady Branscomb.
 Much more they found of literary trash,
 But not one single halfpenny in cash.
 Cursing with disappointment verse and prose,
 The bailiffs tweak'd poor Crambo by the nose,

Who starting from his trance, and mad with pain,
Strove to get free, and bellow'd out amain.—

* “Loose me,” he cry'd, “’twas dangerous to bind
A sleeping bard; as you shall quickly find,
When my Lord Ellenb’rough once knows the mat-
ter, he

Declares you guilty of assault and battery.

But if you’ll let me go, I now aver

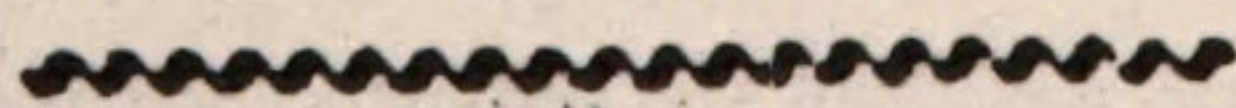
This bus’ness shall create no farther stir,

And if you’ll grant your company so long,

I’ll seal the mutual bargain with a song.”

“Agreed,” the bailiffs cry’d, “no more our slave,

Come, tune your pipes, and let us have the stave.”



* Solvite me, pueri: satis est potuisse videri,

Carmina, quæ vultis, cognoscite: carmina vobis, &c. &c.

* He rais'd his voice; and soon a motley throng
 Of gaping hearers crowded to the song,
 Both old and young with eager steps advanc'd,
 And chimney-sweepers to the numbers danc'd!

† Not more applause when puppets dance on wire
 Or some arch Merry-Andrew swallows fire;
 Not more applause, when Kemble, full of death,
 Stalks forth with bloody daggers in Macbeth;
 Not more applause, when empty Cobbett strains,
 And proves a man may talk with little brains;
 Not more applause, when Catalani's throat
 Pours forth a soft, mellifluous, pleasing note,



* Tum verò in numerum Faunósque ferás que videres
 Ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus.

† Nec tantùm Phœbo guadet Parnassia rupes,
 Nec tantùm Rhodope miratur et Ismarus Orphea.

Which seems to us the music of the spheres ;—
 E'er fill'd the air, or deafen'd human ears ;
 Streets, lanes, and alleys, heard the mingled jar,
 And scar'd pedestrians gap'd at Temple Bar.

He sung the constitution's secret springs,
 And all the arts of ministers and kings ;
 How lawyers, having pocketted their fees,
 Make juries give such verdicts as they please ;
 How certain lords and ladies of the court
 Hold Virtue, Truth, and Decency in sport ;
 How infidels frequent the house of pray'r,
 And judges, turn'd to butchers, curse and swear.
 He sung the squabbles of the ins and outs,
 Blue-stockings clubs, and fashionable routs,
 Of gay Albina, asking in a breath
 Five hundred people to be squeez'd to death ;
 And how, the gallant R-g!—t to amuse,

Some reg'ments play at soldiers at reviews,
 Sham-fighting, and exchanging martial rubs,
 At Wimbledon, Hyde Park, or Wormwood Scrubs.

And next he chaunted, in harmonious lays,
 How his good Gr—e of C—b—l—d wore stays,
 And, not content with twenty thousand sterling,
 Had emigrated suddenly to B—rl—n;
 Though none could guess his mission for their life,—
 'Twas rumor'd that he went to take a wife,
 To pick up warlike plans, and Spanish dollars,
 Or regulate the regimental collars;
 Not one was certain that his tale was right,
 But, “una voce,” swore *'twas not to fight.*

He sung, in notes so musical and clear,
 The giant-slaying Cossack, and his spear,
 Who (Zemlenutin surely would'nt lie!)

*Kill'd nine and thirty Frenchmen and the fry! **

Then, suddenly he borrow'd Croker's strain, †

And sung the wars of Portugal and Spain;

And, next assuming all the minstrel's power,

Like Grenville, sung the lions in the Tow'r.

And now he sung of schools, and Alma Mater,

And told a tale of Busby the translator;

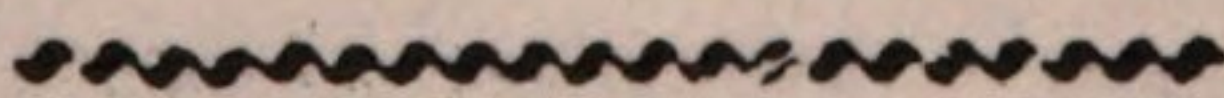
Who, having thought his prologue sure of praise,

Indignant that a lord should wear the bays,

Resolv'd to strike such vain pretensions down,

And got his Son to whelp it to the town.

Of Coates's frolics next his song began,



* Were these any part of Falstaff's *eleven* men in buckram?—

† This is the age for martial effusions! to

“Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,

With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder.”

Rare pastime for the ragamuffin clan!

Who welcome with the crowing of a cock,

This hero of the buskin and the sock.

Then rose his verse against those wicked imps,

Call'd Flatterers, Spies, Court-parasites, and Pimps,

Who plant their poison in a princely breast,

And H—df—'s name was mention'd with the rest.

He sung the course which piddling B---c---k steer'd,

Of Y-m---th's whiskers, and Van Butchell's beard;

Of pious roastings, Spanish inquisitions,

Of penal codes, and Catholic petitions;

Of birth-day odes by tuneful Laureats furnish'd,

With all the dull encomiums newly burnish'd;

Of Bond-street maccaronies, City fops,

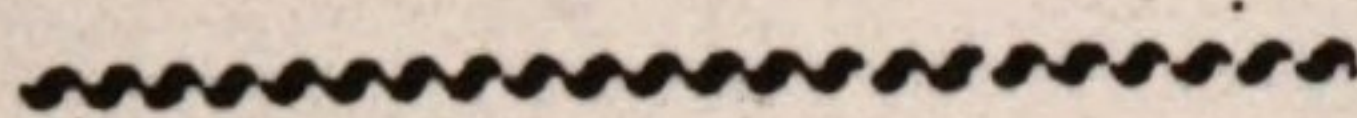
Assemblies, Easter-balls, and Smithfield hops,

Then he was seiz'd with some fanatic whims, *
 And loudly chaunted one of Whitfield's hymns.
 He sung in rumbling strains, to shake the soul,
 The genealogy of Well'sley Pole ;
 And, Britons' fond credulity to cram,
 Th' adventures of the whisker-fac'd Geramb ;
 The dauntless chief, of whom there is a tale,
 He travell'd on the body of a Whale,
 And, (though I quote the marvellous in saying it,)
 Spitted one hundred Frenchmen with his bay'net.
 More had he sung, and rival'd Esop's fables,
 But Night, a sober widow clad in sables,
 Bade this Apollo of the tuneful throng
 Suspend awhile his yet unfinish'd song.



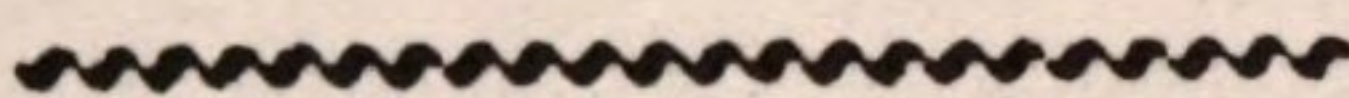
* Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
 And, on a sudden, sung the hundredth psalm.

ECLOGUE V.

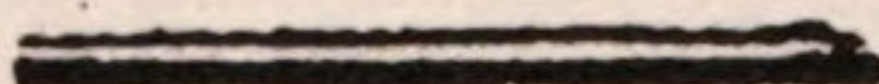


THE

Field Preacher.



Near the mad mansions of Moortfields I'll bawl,
Come, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, all!
Shut up your shops, and listen to my call.



Damon.

WHAT ho! my Peter, tell me, I beseech,
Your mighty haste to Town?

Peter.

My haste! to preach:—

To lead my flock from error's thorny way,
 My silly wandering sheep who idly stray,
 In spite of all I do, and all I say !



No arguments of mine can rouse their fears,
 I preach to iron hearts, and leathern ears.

Damon.

I've often wonder'd that thy flock had patience,
 To listen to such tedious, dull orations ;
 And much, alas ! their folly did I grieve,
 To think the groaning blockheads should believe :
 For, gentle Peter, I must say, in sooth,
 Thou art not over nice about the truth ;
 And not one swain who knows thee will deny,
 That, Peter, thou canst *preach*,—and thou canst *lie*.

Peter.

Metinks, you're strangely pert, good master Damon,

To shew such rudeness to a pious Layman!
 To vent your bitter spleen, and impious wrath,
 Against the sober brethren of our cloth;
 Who, since the plotting Sidmouth lost his Bill,
 (As much I hope such graceless nobles will,)
 The gospel are at liberty to dish up,
 And shake their heads at Vicar, Dean, and Bishop.

Damon.

Unhappy sheep, ah! who shall set them free *
 From such a shepherd, such a guide, as thee?
 Didst thou not, cunning varlet! when of late
 Thy hearers put their money in the Plate,
 With sacrilegious hands the whole secure,

* Infelix O semper oves pecus! ipse Neæram
 Dum fovet, ac, ne me sibi præferat illa, veretur;
 Hic alienus oves custos bis mulget in horâ:
 Et succus pecori, et lac subducitur agnis.

And of their lawful right defraud the poor?

Peter.

An honest Man may freely take his own;—*

The cash was mine, by preaching fairly won:

Go, ask my clerk; if he the fact deny,

This tongue shall give the sneaking rogue the lie.

Damon.

Good words, old rev'rend sinner! for I trow

Thy clerk's a sorry knave,—and so art thou.

Peter.

Egad! a libel, or the deuce is in't!



* An mihi cantando victus non redderet ille,

Quem mea carminibus mertisset fistula, caprum?

Si nescis, meus ille caper fuit, et mihi Damon

Ipsa fatebatur, sed reddere posse negabat.

Damon.

No libel, by my Fay! unless in print.

Peter.

Let Collyer boast his soft bewitching note,
And crack-ton'd Wilks, the wonders of his throat,
Or parson D——y, now a *Knight* forsooth,
Rival a Merry-Andrew in his booth,
In loyalty outshine the bard Fitzgerald,
And fill with lies and smut the MORNING HERALD;
My tranquil breast with no resentment glows,
I speak the truth,—and speak it through my nose.

Damon.

Boast not thy fancied skill, thy false renown,
Thou hypocrite! thou scarecrow of the town!
Thou bloated saint! thou cushion-thumping slave!
Thou compound of a blockhead and a knave!

Dunce at the best! in Chapels scarce allow'd *
To teaze an empty, groaning, yawning crowd.

Peter.

Ah! little heed I what my Damon saith,
He is not yet converted to the faith;
A sinful Babe! he shows it in his face,
And never once within the pale of grace:
Yet peradventure, though he idly mock
The priest, the guide, the shepherd of the flock,
A lambkin, he may turn his wand'ring feet,
And with a contrite heart repentance bleat. †

Damon.

You've touch'd me, Peter! yes you have, I fear,



* ——— Non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas

Stridenti miserum stipulâ disperdere carmen?

† This line is truly *pastoral*! the metaphor remains unbroken.

I feel so strange, so comical, and queer, *
 My pulse beats high, my blood and bowels yearn,
 I melt with love, with extacy I burn;
 I long with all the faithful to commune,
 I feel so light, that I could mount the Moon!
 Indulge me, Peter, in this pious qualm,
 And quicken my conversion with a psalm.

Peter.

Such soft sensations do the saints inherit,
 Who feel the inward workings of the spirit;
 O! would our Sisters Tabitha and Ruth,
 With all the holy brethren of the truth,
 Assembled hither for their soul's diversion,

~~~~~

\* To those who have felt what is termed the "*Experience*" of the faithful, Damon's sudden conversion will not appear extraordinary: Peter, who was no stranger to these holy qualms, explains it in the two next lines.



Could see thy sudden, wonderful conversion.

*Damon.*

O, name not Tabby! debonnaire and sleek,  
 I tremble at the roses on her cheek;  
 The maid is buxom, though devout and shy,  
 Her bosom is alluring to the eye:  
 And Ruth, though somewhat lame about the hips,  
 Has still a roguish smile, and pouting lips;  
 'Twas thus, alas! that Obadiah fell,  
 Against the spirit did the flesh rebel.

*Peter.*

Then hear me, brother Damon; hear, I pr'ythee,  
 My soul's conversion—and the Lord be wi' thee!

*Damon.*

Agreed—my blood's unruly at the mention

Of Tabby—



*Peter.*

Silence, pray!

*Damon.*

I'm all attention.

*Peter.*

Some forty years ago, or nearly that, \*

I was a forward, pert, and graceless brat,

My tongue was bold, and saucy were my looks,

I lov'd my play far better than my books.

On Sabbath days, with Stokes, and Thomas Brown,

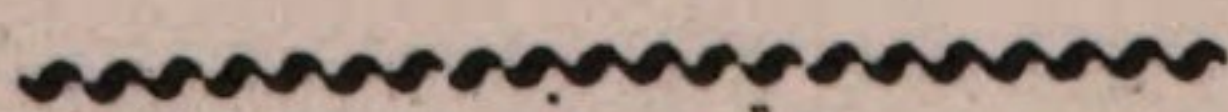
(Two neighbours' sons,) I saunter'd through the town,



\* The history which Peter gives of his former course of life will be read with interest by those who are fond of hearing Ordination Sermons, and admit the doctrine of "where Sin aboundeth, Grace doth more abound."



And, often drunk with liquor's noisome fumes,  
 Supine I lay and bask'd upon the tombs.  
 At playhouse riots I was quite the thing,  
 When Ben or Buckhorse \* fought, I kept the ring;  
 With Bully Dawson I was hand and glove,  
 And shone the patron of illicit love.  
 My father would have given pounds by twenties,  
 To bind me to some honest trade apprentice,  
 To crush my vicious habits in their growth,  
 But this I spurn'd, and answer'd with an oath:  
 For, 'ere the down appear'd upon my chin,  
 I was, though young in years, mature in sin.  
 But Heav'n, in spite of all my follies past,  
 Resolv'd to turn my stubborn heart at last:  
 Brown was transported for his thieving jokes;



\* For an account of this *interesting character*, see the *European Magazine* for October, 1804.



And Kirby's necklace prov'd the end of Stokes;  
 I just escap'd the same untimely check,  
 And turn'd *King's Evidence*, to save my neck.  
 I grew devout, apply'd myself to trade,  
 And groan'd, and sang, and prophesy'd, and pray'd,  
 Repriev'd, affronted, sooth'd :—to sum up all  
 In simple language—I receiv'd a call.  
 The neighbours, scar'd at what they saw and heard,  
 Pronounc'd me mad—but still I preach'd the word :  
 My short black wig they pelted o'er and o'er,  
 But this is nought, to what *my Master* bore.  
 My wife, poor soul! (we all must suffer death,)  
 Died (as the doctors say) for want of breath ;  
 Yet still I preach'd, (to grieve were want of sense,)  
 The poor I pinch'd, and pocketted their pence.  
 Old Lucifer's decrees I thunder'd loud,  
 And soon became the idol of the crowd.  
 To crown the whole, I took a second wife,



The Son of David lov'd the married life ;  
 Five hundred wives had he, a noble suit !  
 And eke four hundred concubines to boot :  
 Allowing *half* the story to be true,  
 Peter might surely venture upon *two*.  
 Grown old at last, unmindful of reproach,  
 I feast, grow fat, kiss wife, and keep my coach ;  
 No care have I about my latter end,  
 But live secure, while Satan is my friend.

*Damon.*

Right deftly hast thou tun'd thy reed, my Peter,  
 And told thy tale in mighty pleasant metre :  
 But time is on the wing, how goes the morn ?  
 What says your watch ? for mine is gone to pawn.

*Peter.*

A mighty lucky thought—as sure as Heaven,



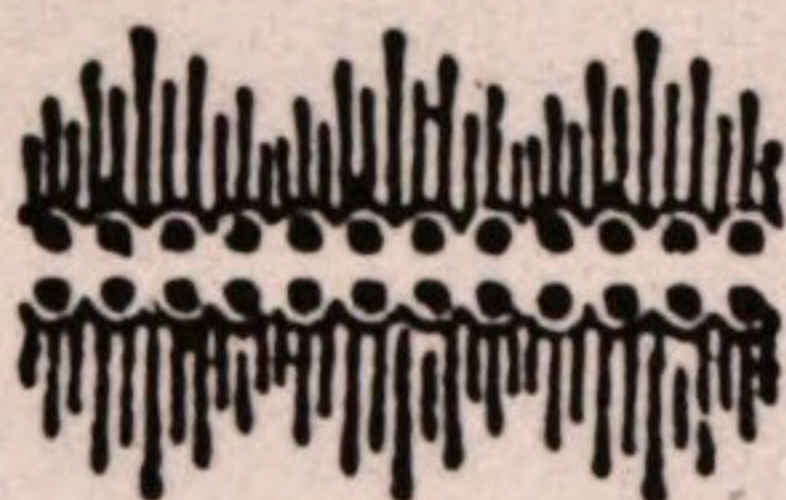
It only wants ten minutes to eleven!

Collection Sunday to begin so late!

Do thou, good Damon, come and hold the plate;

But first, since thus our foolish quarrel ends,

Let's drink a pot of porter, and be friends.





# ECLOGUE VI.

## LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

———Quod optanti divûm promittere nemo  
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.

Virgil, En.

SCARCE had Aurora chas'd the shades of night,  
And ting'd the mountains with returning light,  
Blythe Chanticleer proclaim'd the rising morn,  
And woodlands echo'd to the winding horn;  
Scarce had the ruddy milkmaid, with her pail,  
Pursu'd her matin journey through the vale,

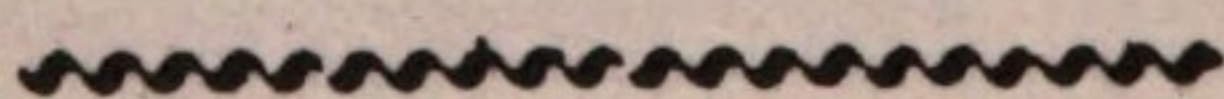


Or simple Hobbinol, her sweetheart true,  
 To meet his Cic'ly brush'd the silver dew;  
 Scarce had the dextrous housemaid twirl'd her mop,  
 Or slip-shod 'prentice swept his master's shop;  
 Or nymphs and shepherds left their dark retreats  
 To scream their various cries thro' London Streets;  
 When lo! a City dame, Belinda hight,  
 Whom pleasing thoughts kept wakeful half the night,  
 Rose from her downy pillow, blythe and gay,  
 With anxious heart, impatient for the day.  
 Already was her toilet's task begun,  
 And eagerly she watch'd the ling'ring sun;  
 Obsequious Betty, the attendant Grace,  
 With fifty Winters mark'd upon her face,  
 Before the nymph, in beauteous order, laid  
 A host of velvets, satins, and brocade;  
 Rare articles for show, and few for use,  
 Hat *à-la-mode*, and mantle *à-la-Russe*,



Scarfs, furbelows, for routs, and public days,  
 Racamian ringlets, and Parisian stays ;  
 For now the time had come, so long desir'd,  
 When fair Belinda, gorgeously attir'd  
 In ostrich feather, wig, and diamond broach,  
 Should take her station in the City coach ;  
 For goddess Chance, to make the people stare,  
 Had pitch'd upon her husband for a May'r.

In ancient times, when Britain's laurels grew,  
 The rival City had a poet, too ;  
 \* Then Laureat SETTLE, in harmonious lays,



\* It is whispered, that Doctor Busby has applied for the City Laureatship, conceiving himself to be the only bard since the time of Settle (Stephen Duck excepted) capable of filling the situation: we sincerely wish the worthy Doctor success; he has certainly improved upon his original, who

————faggott'd his notions as they fell,  
 And if they *rhym'd* and *rattled*, all was well.



Immortalis'd her feasts and public days;  
 Her grand parades majestic roll'd along,  
 Supreme in ode, and mock-heroic song;  
 And, while KING CHARLES's praise was DRYDEN's  
     care,

He found as many virtues in the May'r.

But times are chang'd; and many a tuneful strain  
 The civic bounty courts, but courts in vain;  
 For not a bard, in these degenerate days,  
 One slice of pudding gets for all his praise!  
 E'en VIRGIL, who, in British cap and gown,  
 Now humbly seeks the favour of the town,  
 Shall find, perhaps, no market for his rhymes,  
 Which pleas'd Mecænas, in Augustan times;  
 And, forc'd by Dulness to his native home,  
 Without a patron travel back to Rome.



Now walk'd Belinda forth; superbly sheen,  
 "She look'd a goddess, and she mov'd a queen!"  
 To make her blooming, Art its colors lent,  
 And nought she lack'd that Fashion could invent,  
 'Ere yet, in gaudy pride, she join'd the show,  
 While loudly rang the merry bells of Bow,  
 And eager crowds in gath'ring numbers press'd,  
 To Betty thus her feelings she express'd:  
 Aid me, Apollo, while I touch the string!  
 For what Belinda said—the Muse shall sing.

"Let noble dames our pageants hold in sport,  
 And boast the soft refinements of a court,  
 Look down with pity on the sons of earth,  
 Who claim no title to superior birth;  
 I envy not their fate, my only pray'r is  
 To shine for one short year, as Lady May'ress.  
 Let toothless Sybils, hanging on their spark,



Creep, tott'ring, to the Drawing-room or Park ;

Talk prudence and sobriety to death,

And blast a reputation in a breath ;

Be theirs the joys of fashionable strife,

Be mine the pleasures of a City life.

What pleasing visions swim before my sight,

By day the dinner, and the dance by night !

A thousand waxen tapers gild the hall,

And lo ! a young Adonis, strait and tall,

Perchance just landed from some foreign tour,

Asks me to dance a minuet de-la-cour.

Methinks I hear th' admiring gazers cry,

' Some Goddess has descended from on high,

To raise our wonder, and to charm our sight,

For sure no mortal ever stepp'd so light !

Not Parisot could dance so well ;—nay, mark her—

Nor Columbine herself, nor Mrs. Parker.'

"Oh how 'twill give my enemies the vapours,



To see it mention'd in the public papers:—

—‘ Last night my lady danc’d with such an air,

Terpsichore had blush’d had she been there;

Her eyes discharg’d so many killing darts,

That half the common-council lost their hearts!’

A crown, or ten-and-sixpence at the most,

Will get a puff inserted in the Post.

“It was my passion, I remember well,

My early pride and glory, to excel;

For when at school,—the governess confess’d

I sung, I play’d, much better than the rest.

In riper years I still retain’d my pride,

When rival lovers woo’d me for their bride;

I spurn’d the rough unpolish’d country loon,

The prating lawyer, and the court buffoon;

The city fop, the linen-draper spark,

The grov’ling ’prentice, the attorney’s clerk;



And, having all opinions duly weigh'd,  
 Prefer'd the rich substantial man of trade.  
 My father would have chosen for his heir,  
 A buck of fashion from St. James's Square;  
 But I, although no conjurer, could see  
 He lov'd himself too well, to notice me.  
 The country squire's politeness knew no bounds,  
 He swore he lov'd me better than his hounds,  
 Spoke his regard with emphasis and force,  
 And bid me dread no rival—but his horse.—  
 The spruce attorney, apeing Cupid's brogue,  
 Could hardly, in the lover, sink the rogue;  
 But, he too eager, overplay'd his cards,  
 I trick'd him—with a captain in the Guards,  
 Whose pockets, while they strove my heart to win,  
 Had too much *outside* gold, t'have much *within*.

“How sweet the sound, whene'er we ride abroad,



For folks to cry "my Lady! and my Lord!"  
 To hear them loudly welcome our approach,  
 And see them drag the horses from our coach;  
 For free-born Britons love such low pursuits,  
 To shew how well they imitate the brutes.

"And, should the Regent in his grace (God bless him!)  
 When next the common-council-men address him,  
 Think fit, (the thought transports me with delight!)  
 To dub my spouse, by making him a knight;  
 Lord! how this wond'rous change of fortune will  
 Astonish all our friends, at Garlick Hill!  
 What busy scandal will their tongues employ,  
 They'll almost die with envy—I with joy!

"But hark! what sounds are these I hear below?  
 The carriage waits!—I'm summon'd to the show!—  
 O patience! what a flurry I am in—



Here, Betty, place this patch upon my chin!—

A glass of water! I shall surely faint!—

Run, Betty,—you had nigh forgot the paint!—

My case is trying, and my nerves are weak;

Oh, shocking! here's a pimple on my cheek!

This sudden greatness overcomes me quite,

Heav'n keep me in my proper wits to night!"

Thus spake Belinda, when his *lordship* call'd her;

Ir stepp'd her bowing escort, *Marshal* Nalder!

The feast was sumptuous, and the dance was late,

And for that year, Belinda lay in state.





# ECLOGUE VII.

## THE TRIAL.

*Cives.*

STOP, Curio, what disaster prompts thy flight?

No storm is nigh, no bailiff is in sight!

Not Barclay, the pedestrian, faster runs,

Nor witty C—lm—n, when pursu'd by duns;

Nor Buonaparte himself, when back he wheels,

With twenty thousand Cossacks at his heels;

What, has thy wife (I tremble to inquire)

Once more elop'd, and set thy house on fire?



*Curio.*

I have no time for parley;—once for all—  
 I go to hear a trial at G——l:  
 A case of libel, but I really doubt,  
 If G——'s quibbling tongue can make it out:  
 Defendant's council promises the court  
 Much private information, deal of sport,  
 Some sharp Philippics, many witty things,  
 Sarcastic rubs at ministers and kings:  
 Come, let your bus'ness prove to-morrow's care,  
 Why all the world will be assembled there;  
 Great Garble threatens, for he owes a grudge,—

*Cires.*

Hush! recollect that Garble is a J——!  
 More potent than a bashaw with three tails,  
 So have a care of penalties and jails;  
 His quick resentment reason never stems,



He bullies first ;—(but mum,—) and then condemns.

*Curio.*

'Tis hard that vice should prosper ;—

*Cives.*

Hard, indeed!

I like your errand, and commend your speed.—

*Curio.*

Then come, and bear me company ;—

*Cives.*

Agreed."—

They reach'd the Hall, where, in familiar chat

And confab close, a tribe of lawyers sat ;



'Twas empty, loud, pragmatical debate,  
 And little meaning cloth'd in words of weight.  
 There G——w spouted with undaunted face,  
 And grave Sir T——s P———r put his case,  
 There T-p——g told the causes he had won,  
 And B—st was all antithesis and pun;  
 K——pp smartly jested at each word he spoke,  
 For K——pp's a merry soul, and loves a joke:  
 There C———d (maudlin with the night's debauch,  
 From which at three he sail'd, behind a torch!)  
 Bawl'd rudely, as when reeling through the town  
 He bilks a wench, or knocks a watchman down,  
 Or pleads (as he is wont) for half a crown!  
 When lo! (a signal that the time was come),  
 My L—d C——f J—— Garble gave a hum!  
 His face assum'd a supercilious grin,  
 And thrice he spit, and thrice he strok'd his chin,



His gown he folded with repeated twirls,  
 And shook like Jove his long ambrosial curls:  
 He ey'd the J—y, by his threats suborn'd,  
 And thrice he bit his thumbs, and thrice he yawn'd!  
 These omens past, he fill'd the chair of state,  
 His frown was awful, and his nod was fate:  
 High on his head a Gorgon Wig was rais'd,  
 And pert Attorneys trembled while they gaz'd!  
 When, after num'rous shrugs and inward throes,  
 Great Garble's Pupil, Serjeant Splitbrain, rose!  
 Renown'd for gross vulgarity of speech,  
 And legal impudence that few could reach:  
 Such was the quibbling Lawyer, such the man  
 Who, hemming thrice—look'd big—and thus began.

*Splitbrain.*

My Lord, and gentle Ju—s, here I stand



A——y G——l of Britain's Land;

A Land of plenty, equity, and freedom,

With honest Laws and Lawyers, when we need 'em.

This case, atrocious to the last degree!

(Excuse my warmth, I speak without a fee,)

Must surely make all loyal subjects wince

Who hate a Libel, and who love their P——e.

What's Satire?—Why the very worst of crimes,

A drawback on the vices of the times;

A glass, which brings the villain forth to view,

And leaves our friends the Clergy nought to do!

Who, though, poor souls! they lecture night and day,

Can hardly keep old Lucifer at bay.

Must men of rank endure the Sat'rist's pen

Because forsooth they gamble now and then?

And ask the noble Lord upon the B——h

If 'tis a crime so terrible to wench!



Suppose a Peer of fashionable life,  
 In some odd whim debauch his neighbour's wife,  
 His youth or noble birth must plead his cause,  
 And shield him from the vengeance of the laws!  
 Yes, grant him crippled, old, with rev'rend hairs,  
 Pray might not passion seize him unawares?  
 If he betray'd his friend, what can be said for't? \*  
 He must not be condemn'd to lose his HEAD FOR'T:  
 All men have had their frailties since the flood,  
 And, "Homo sum," my Lord—we're flesh and blood! †  
 That Satyrist I deem a canting rogue  
 Who darts his quill at *any* vice in vogue:  
 His wit is dull, his morals out of date,



\* Very little, my learned Serjeant! can be said *for* it, but a great deal *against* it!

† Splitbrain speaks very *feelingly*.



If aim'd against the follies of the great.  
 Let H—ke enjoy his curricl and greys,  
 And Romeo act the fool a hundred ways,  
 Let H—r—'s M-rq—s, while he smiles and fawns,  
 Perk in his neighbour's face his gilded horns;  
 Let Britain's R—t, complaisant and gracious,  
 Rival Geramb in whiskers and mustachios,  
 And H—ll—d, since seduction sunk the man,  
 Enjoy a peaceful conscience—if he can!  
 Such modish crimes are all above the reach  
 Of those that scribble, and of those that preach.  
 But grant that vice, for *decency* at least,  
 Requires some gentle chiding from the Priest,  
 There's Parson D—— “*At Home*” in time of need,  
 With his well-bred accommodating creed,  
 To put Court-folly instantly to flight,  
 In language most *respectful* and *polite*.



Not wishing now to state the case at large,  
 I leave it to his Lordship in the charge;  
 Your Verdict must find guilty the Defendant,  
 And pack him off to Jail—so there's an end on't.

*Verax.*

On upright British J--r--s, British Laws,  
 I boldly rest the merits of my cause:  
 On their impartial Justice I rely,  
 Which nobly scorns the baseness of a lie,  
 To act with firmness in this trying hour,  
 And brave the venal threats of rank and pow'r.  
 Too long has vice been sanction'd by the great,  
 And sapp'd the strong foundations of the State;  
 Too long have subtle pimps and flatt'ers—

*Garble.*

Hold!—



This mode of pleading sure must be controu'd :

This strange recrimination sets aloof

All due decorum :—

*Verax.*

But, my Lord, I've proof.

Plain downright proof, I hold it in my hand ;—

Why ev'ry honest J—y in the land

Know H——, H——, (barring all lampoons,) .

To be sad Gamesters, C—ck—s, and Buffoons.

To say some great Marchesa is a punk,

That R—h—d B—sl—y S——d—n gets drunk,

Can never be deem'd libellous, I trust?

When all the world allows them to be just.

*Garble.*

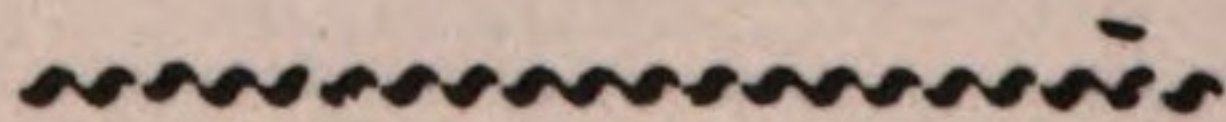
Yes, grossly libellous, you know it well,\*



\* Garble had high authority for the oath which he uttered.



And "Scandalum Magnatum"—*false as Hell!*—  
 A pretty æra we have reach'd, by G—d!  
 When ev'ry weekly Scribbler holds the rod.  
 Your Client is an universal pest,  
 The rogue has libell'd ME among the rest;  
 He says I'm warm and irritated soon,—  
 Yes—when some blockhead puts me out of tune!  
 That rage for ever flushes in my cheek:  
 The villain fibs!—no Barrister so meek.  
 That guttling Epicurus, in his stye,  
 Ne'er gormandiz'd more greedily than I,  
 Which (curse his base assurance!) is a lie. }  
 A twelvemonth spent in Newgate, dark and still,  
 Will cure his scribbling vein—or nothing will.



George the 2d and the late Lord Thurlow were both profane  
 swearers: Queen Elizabeth gave an oath with much grace, and  
 by all accounts her maids of honor could prattle very prettily.



*Verax.*

The man is studious, well-inform'd, though young,  
 No Harpy's smile has he, no flatt'rer's tongue;  
 Untutor'd in the manners of a Court,  
 He cannot yet hold decency in sport.  
 He mourns, indeed, to think that human breath  
 Should lightly talk of *picketting to death*;  
 And counts that man a knave, or something worse,  
 Who fills his pockets from the public purse.  
 To vice he's neither bending nor polite,  
 But drags the grey impostor forth to sight,  
 Whate'er his rank or station, high or low :  
 He courts no titled friend, he dreads no foe.

*Splitbrain.*

Henceforth no *sprightly Peer* can drink and wench,



No Justice fall asleep upon the Bench,\*  
 No Col'nel pimp, no Priest disgrace his gown,  
 But he shall be placarded through the town.  
 E'en you, my Lord, so eloquent and grave,  
 May chance to grow *immortal* in a stave,  
 While ev'ry Minstrel of the Grub-street Choir  
 Unaw'd, unshackled, can command the Lyre.

*Garble.*

As Brother Splitbrain argues—black is white—  
 And what is wrong, the Law shall make it right;  
 One effort more, ye upright J——rs, try,  
 And let your verdict prove—that truth's a lie.  
 May this bold-fronted Libeller of K—gs,



\* A circumstance of this kind actually took place, a short time since, in the Court of C——n P——s, which proves that

“ Good old M—n——ld sometimes nods.”



Who talks of worth, and such discarded things,  
 This Fanatic, of principles so nice !  
 Be taught to know the dignity of vice,  
 When veil'd beneath the splendor of a cr—n,  
 A Bishop's robings, or a Statesman's gown.

*Verax.*

Can this be Justice ?

*Splitbrain.*

Z——ds, the man is raw  
 To talk of Justice in a Court of Law !  
 “ *Non compos mentis*,” or enrag'd at best.

*Garble.*

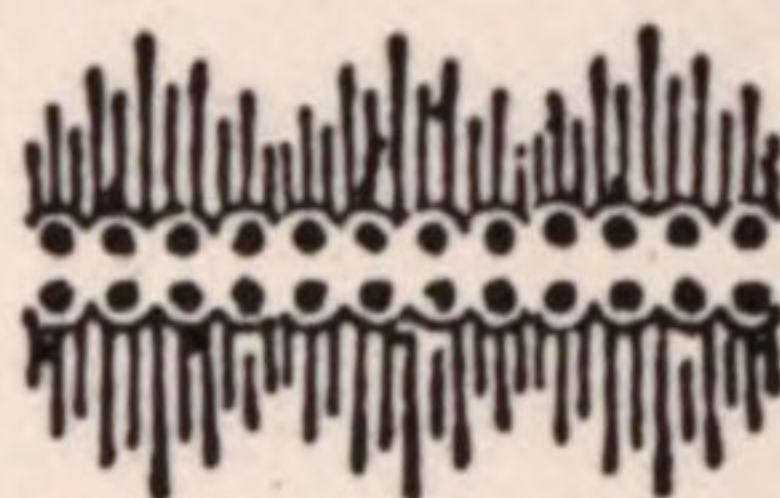
Agreed !—but “ *ira brevis furor est*.”  
 Come, J—y—n, dispatch—nay prithee, pox,



Don't sit a twelvemonth quibbling in the Box!

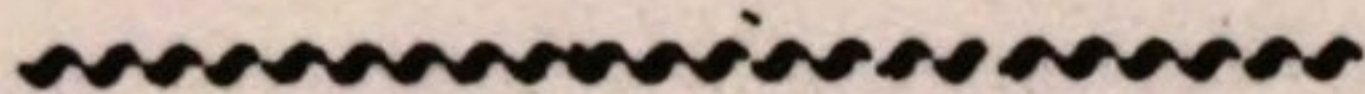
I'm (G--d confound your stupid souls, in Styx!)

Engag'd to dine at C--le--n H---e at six.





# ECLOGUE VIII.

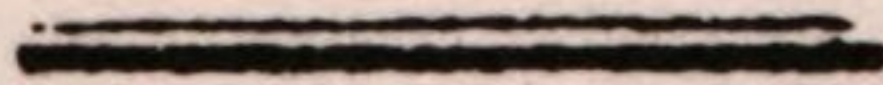


## THE PARTING.



————— Multi  
 Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato ;  
 Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.

Juv.



CLOSE in those walls which Frank's mistaken zeal,  
 To please a rabble, christen'd the Bastile,  
 Whose lofty turrets overlook the plains,  
 Where laughter-loving Nymphs and jocund Swains  
 In motley numbers, once a year repair  
 To hold the ancient rites of Gooseb'ry Fair!



Close in those walls which ne'er a rival knew  
 Till Peter's noisy Chapel rose to view,  
 (For Peter, to give Lucifer a rub,  
 The Sons of Bridewell lectures from his tub :)  
 Two faithful lovers to a cell retir'd,  
 Both young alike, and *by the Muse inspir'd*;  
 The red-hair'd Thyrsis, and the downcast Ruth,  
 To whisper vows of constancy and truth :  
 For now the transport was equipp'd to sail,  
 And only waited for a prosp'rous gale  
 To bear young Thyrsis from his Ruth away,  
 On a septennial trip to Bot'ny Bay :  
 And thus the couple, full of am'rous pains,  
 Rehears'd their sorrows in alternate strains.

*Ruth.*

Since cruel fate ordains that we should part,



Oh ! Thyrsis, hear the feelings of my heart.  
 May I become as odious in thy sight \*  
 As painted Hags at Drawing-rooms by night,  
 As D—gl—s perjur'd, and deform'd by sin,  
 With hairs unseemly growing on my chin,  
 As J—s—y lewd and loathsome to the view,  
 As Ch—r——e baneful, and as ugly too ;  
 Such, and so monstrous, let thy Ruth appear,  
 If e'er her conduct give thee cause for fear.  
 Hence with thy doubts, for shame ! for surely she  
 Deserves reproach from none,—but least from thee.

*Thyrsis.*

Unhappy is the lesser villain's doom,



\* Inmo ego Sardois videar tibi amarior herbis,  
 Horridior rusco, projectâ vilior algâ ;  
 Si mihi non hæc lux toto jam longior anno est.



Cut off in fortune's pride, in manhood's bloom!  
 For him the Law no spark of pity knows,  
 No Counsel pleads, no Juries interpose.  
 The crafty Statesman, favor'd by his King,  
 Obtains a ribbon—but deserves a string;  
 And, thinking it the duty of his station  
 To cheat the Public, and to starve the Nation,  
 Leaves Bridewell, Bot'ny Bay, and Tyburn-tree,  
 To friendless unprotected rogues like me!

*Ruth.*

I busy was with reading Little's Muse,\*  
 When Cousin Bridget brought the dreadful news:  
 "A pretty joke, (she cry'd) your Sweetheart Thyrsis  
 Who left an honest trade to scribble verses,"



\* Not a very decent employment.



(And looking fiercely with her arms a-kimbo,)
 "Has (thank his rog'ry for it!) got in limbo."
 The words she utter'd fill'd me with despair,
 I beat my bosom and I tore my hair,
 My face I scarify'd—behold the scars!
 And wept aloud, and curs'd my evil stars:
 My Mother thought me in hysteric fits,
 The Doctor said that I had lost my wits;
 And cry'd—(while gravely to his mouth he sent his
 Round amber-headed cane) "*Non compos mentis.*"

*Thyrsis.*

But I must travel far to climes unknown,\*
 Beneath the scorching or the freezing Zone;
 Yok'd like a beast, pursue one daily track,



\* Et nos hinc alii sirientes ibimus Afros,  
 Pars Scythiam, et rapidum Cretæ veniemus Oaxem, &c. &c. &c.



And bear dishonest stripes upon my back;  
 Condemn'd, alas! by Law's unjust decree,  
 My home, my friends, my love, no more to see:—  
 We all must reap the harvest that we sow,  
 Good Heav'n! what ills from deeds dishonest flow.

*Ruth.*

Now hear me, Thyrsis, hear the vow I make,  
 To die a faithful Virgin for thy sake.  
 Let eager lovers proffer bars of gold,  
 And court me like Penelope of old,  
 (For hosts of suitors strove to crown Ulysses,  
 And almost chok'd her Majesty with kisses,)  
 I'd shew the rogues the folly of pursuing me,  
 And baffle all their vile attempts to ruin me.  
 I'd swear the peace against them! and the Jail  
 Would soon become their home, for want of Lail.



*Thyrsis.*

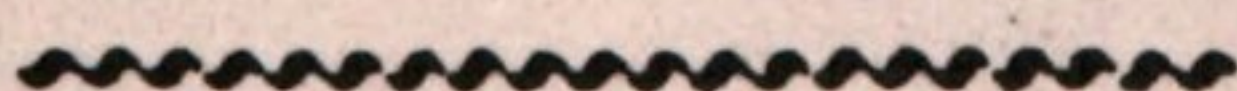
I know thee, Love! thou surely wert the Son\*  
Of some hard Judge, or shoulder-tapping Dun,  
The ruthless pupil of Old Bailey Juries,  
Nurs'd by the Fiends, and suckled by the Furies.

*Ruth.*

O, dread not storms! my sighs shall waft thee o'er,  
Though tempests should arise, and billows roar;  
Thy bark shall lightly skim the wat'ry realm,  
The God of Love, presiding at the helm,  
Shall night and day his watchful vigils keep,  
And be thy trusty Pilot o'er the deep.

*Thyrsis.*

As to the City 'Prentice, whey and curds, †



\* Nunc scio quid sit amor. Duris in cotibus illum, &c. &c.

† Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum  
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.



So to me, gentle maiden! are thy words.  
 As to the longing school-boy, Christmas cheer;  
 To cattle, pastures green and rivers clear;  
 To rosy Vicars, revelry and ease;  
 To hungry Lawyers, briefs and double fees;  
 To sick enamorado, Lady's glove;—  
 So, are thy sweet assurances of love  
 To this fond heart, which, may I now be curst,  
 Is not at thought of parting like to burst.

*Ruth.*

This night, my Thyrsis, let us banish care,\*  
 Cutlets and bottled ale shall be our fare;  
 Thy head shall find a pillow on my breast,

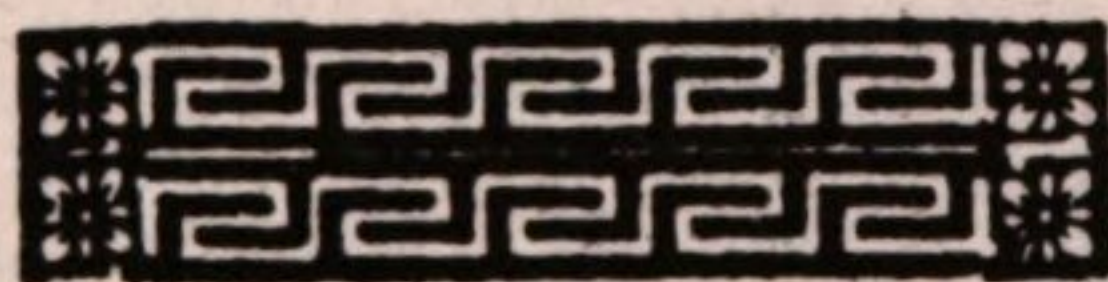


\* Hic tamen hac mecum poteris requiescere

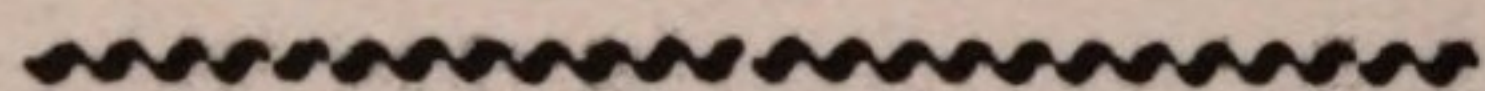
Fronde super viridi. Sunt nobis mitia poma, &c. &c. &c.



My voice shall hush thy sorrows all to rest:  
For hark ! the Goaler shakes his bunch of keys,  
And ev'ning Zephyrs die upon the trees.







# IMITATIONS OF HORACE.









# ODE XV. BOOK IV.

*To the Prince Regent.*

Phœbus volentem prœlia me loqui.

WITH martial heat I seiz'd the Lyre  
 To sing of wars and conflicts dire,  
 And valiant heroes slain ;  
 When Phœbus whisper'd with a frown—  
 “ O ne'er, to please a foolish town,  
 Attempt the battle-strain.

“ To fill the soul with fond alarms,



To sing the pow'r of beauty's charms,  
 The joys of love and wine,  
 Shall better far thy Muse become,  
 Than trumpet, pistol, sword, and drum ;  
 For not a strain can *Croker* thrum,  
 To match one Ode of thine.

“ Let other Bards in martial verse  
 The deeds of Wellington rehearse :—  
 In numbers light and gay  
 Do thou, my friend, *Horatius Elabous*,  
 Record the victories of *Bacchus*,  
 A Chief, who if he once attack us  
 Is sure to win the day.

“ Thy *Prince* demands his meed of praise,  
 Attend—and thou shalt gain the bays,  
 (The hungry Poet's pray'n.)



For which harmonious Cibber burn'd,  
 Which haughty Gray indignant spurn'd,  
 And Dryden blush'd to wear."

Obedient then I strike the Lyre,  
 Come, *Busby*, and my Song inspire,  
 And all ye rhyming host!  
 Come, *chaste Matilda*! thou whose Muse,  
 In any sudden dearth of news,  
 Adorns the *Morning Post*."

I never swept the tuneful string  
 To laud the virtues of a King,  
 Or what is more—create 'em:  
 With lighter food my friends I treat,  
 A pun, a tale, a quaint conceit,  
 Or *Scandalum Magnatum*."

Then, please your Highness, tell my Muse



What sort of character you chuse,

Wise, tender, or heroic?

A Chief, invincible in arms—

A Lover, fond of beauty's charms—

A Statesman, or a Stoic?

To do what many Bards have done,

Suppose I blend them *all in one*!

With compliments in plenty;

And paint you am'rous, wise, and brave,

Chaste, philosophical, and grave,

And call you one and twenty.

Hail, mighty Prince! illustrious youth!

O listen to the voice of truth,

A voice to Monarchs strange;

Thy bright example mends the taste,

Our wives are true, our daughters chaste,



Bear witness, many a slender waist  
 From Charing Cross to 'Change!

Augustan days are come, we hope,  
 For *Doctor Busby* rivals Pope,  
 And Milton keeps the rear;  
 Laborious *Scott* the Laurel gains,  
 Sir Richard lives in *Southey's* strains,  
 And Spencer's Muse, where fancy reigns,  
 Is distanc'd by a *Peer*.

See *Dibdin*, *Pocock*, *Hook*, agree  
 And *Arnold*, (no small blockhead he,)
   
 The Drama's rights to seize;  
 See Op'ras, Farces, all the rage,  
 And Kemble banish'd from the Stage,  
 For how can genius charm an age,  
 Which Shakespear fails to please?



Britannia! bless thy lucky star,  
 That gives thee *Garrow* for the Bar,  
 And *Lancaster* to teach,  
 R—e for a Ministerial tool,  
 Intrepid *Castlereagh* to rule,  
 And *Huntingdon* to preach.

My mind, as in a glass, surveys  
 The glories of thy future days,  
 To me alone display'd;  
 Ye years, your happy circles run!  
 Enough—the weighty task is done,  
 And Phœbus is obey'd.



# ODE III. BOOK II.

*To Walter Scott.*

*Æquam memento rebus in ardua.*

THOUGH fortune crown the labors of thy Muse

With present fame, and profit to excess,

Though Hypercritics hail, and Scotch Reviews,

Thy heavy quartos issuing from the press :

Though prudent L—g—ns puff with all their might,

Each trick revive, each low expedient try,

Short is their passage to eternal night,

For *Rokeby*, spite of all, was born to die.



Yet some applause is due—nor let thy pride

From unbought, honest, approbation shrink;

I love thy open type, thy margin wide,

And much admire the color of thine ink;

For one am I, in these degen'rate days,

Who give the palm to Dryden's magic shell;

Yet own thy splendid volume (meagre praise!)

Like Peter Pindar's razors—made to sell.

Whether, a deep recluse, you strike the lyre

In Scotland's bleak inhospitable land;

Or, Brother of the ancient Grub-street choir,

You warble from a garret in the Strand;

Still rhyme, and print, nor heed what Critics say,

Let perseverance prompt the golden hour;

Infatuation's charm will soon decay,



And fame and fortune now are in your pow'r.

Let Pope, in notes so musically clear,

In virtue's cause the moral strain prolong ;

Let Prior's flowing numbers charm the ear,

And nature bloom again in Thomson's song ;

Let Goldsmith tell of Auburn's simple train,

And Churchill's manly sense our wonder raise ;

Do thou, my Scott, pursue thy northern strain,

Be thine the *profit*, theirs the empty *praise*.

"Twas *Darwin's* fate, with *Della-Cruscan* verse,

To please the varying whimsy of the town,

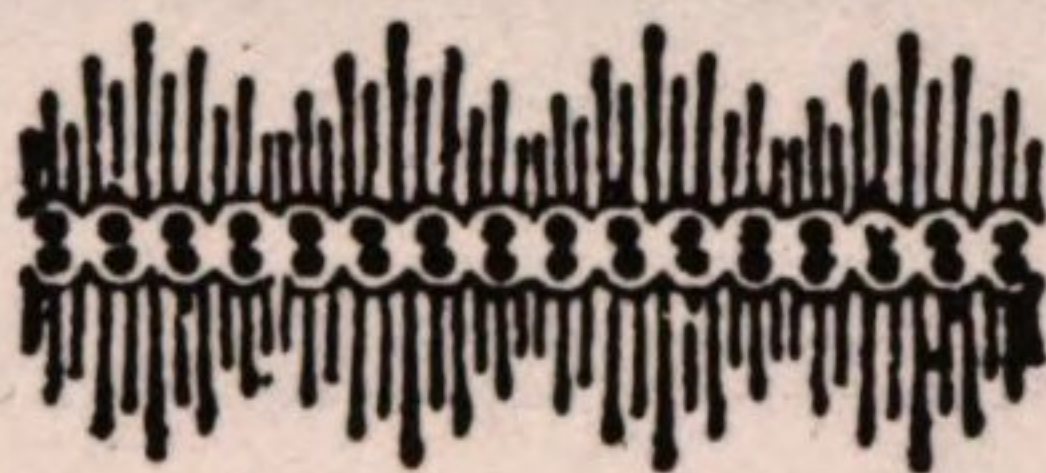
A huge imperial quarto fill'd his purse,

And fashion gave the laurell'd Bard renown.

But Fame, capricious being ! comes and goes,



For mark, Oblivion steals o'er ev'ry line;  
On dusty shelves *his* pond'rous works repose,  
With Blackmore, Godwin, Carr—and so shall  
*thine.*





# ODE XIX. BOOK II.

*To Doctor B——y.*

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus.

---

I SAW (nor disbelieve my strain,)  
High, in a Box at Drury-Lane,  
In consequential trim,  
A little pert *translating* Prig,  
Extend his hands, and shake his wig,  
Most ludicrously grim.

With gestures strange, and accent loud,  
He lectur'd to the gaping crowd,



About the Drama's laws ;  
 While now and then, in noisy fit,  
 Some long-ear'd brethren in the Pit,  
 Who thought the *Doctor* still a wit,  
 Stood up, and roar'd applause.

In vain he spoke—the Gallery Gods,  
 From their celestial high abodes,  
 Sent forth a dismal yell ;  
 Nor louder scream, nor hoarser cough,  
 Were heard, when Pluto gallop'd off  
 With Proserpine to hell.

I hear, in varied cadence still,  
 The frequent hiss, the whistle shrill,  
 The loud discordant bray ;  
 I see the spouting Pedant stand  
 Unmov'd,—his *Prologue* in his hand,



Amid the wild affray.

Hail B——y, hail! eccentric Wight!

The feats of that tumultuous night

Unfading laurels yield;

When boldly you withstood the brunt,

A coat of mail, thy brazen front,

And impudence thy shield.

LUCRETIOUS calls thee from the shades,

In hollow voice he thus upbraids—

(Excuse the taunting gibe,)

“How durst thou murder my sublime,

Thou wicked son of prose and rhyme!

And bid the world subscribe?

“Think'st thou my philosophic Muse,

To teach the lessons of the Stews



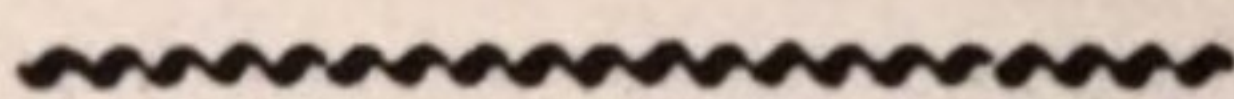
Was e'er designed by fate?  
 To charm the ears of modern jilts,  
 Or, Caitiff! plac'd by thee on stilts  
 To strut in empty state?

“ Recite no more—vain blockhead, hush!  
 I swear F--tz——t's self would blush,  
 And Venus, Cyprian Queen,  
 With all her gay Cytherean maids,  
 Clarke, H—t——d, J—r—y, rampant jades!  
 To hear the strain obscene.

“ By nature form'd for low debate,  
 To rhyme, to fiddle, and to prate,  
 Impertinence thy crest;  
 O! surely thou wert born to shine  
 A *Petit-maitre* of the nine,  
 Apollo's scorn and jest.



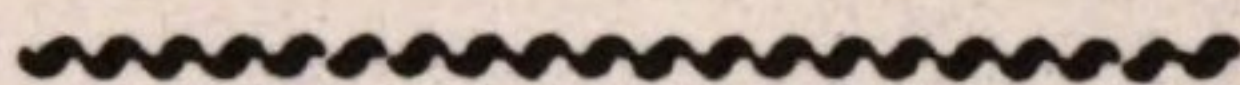
" Since 'twas ordain'd by angry fate  
 That thou should'st e'er my works translate,  
 (With common sense at strife :)  
 What now remains to blast my fame,  
 And load with infamy my name,  
 But *Bowles*\* to write my Life?



\* What could induce the Rev. William Lisle Bowles to publish the Works of Pope, "with additional observations, and memoirs of the life of the author," it is impossible to say ; unless it were to defame the character and detract from the high poetical reputation of that immortal Bard. Pope lived to see dullness encouraged, and genius unrewarded ; and surely it could be no great crime to satirise a Prince, who was a declared enemy to all polite learning, and whose ignorance made him lament, "that *Paradise Lost* was not written in *prose* !" The herd of dunces that attacked him during his life-time, his pen has justly consigned to eternal infamy ; and the puny attempts that have been made by *succeeding ones*, have gradually sunk into oblivion. The Chaplain to the Prince Regent has shewn himself as incapable of appreciating, as of *writing*, good poetry ; and the fatality which too often pursues great writers,



If you would wound me deeper still,  
 Let *Thomas Tegg*, with desp'rate quill,  
     Dull rogue! supply the notes;  
 And *Master G——*, thy hopeful son,  
 The flatt'rer play, (as thou hast done,) .  
     And dedicate to *Coates*.



of having their works abused by dull scribblers, will never prove the fate of our Reverend Critic; for what modern Aristarchus would ever take the trouble to criticise either his *Life*, or his *Sonnets*?

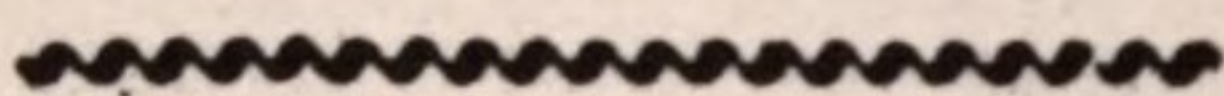
E'en such small Critics some regard may claim,  
 Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespere's name.  
 Pretty! in Amber to observe the forms  
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!  
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
 But wonder how the devil they got there.



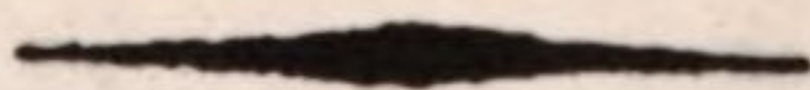
# ODE XIV. BOOK III.



*On the return of the Prince Regent  
to Brighton.*



Herculis ritu modo dictus, ô plebs.



HARK! the merry bugles sound  
Ev'ry heart to lighten;  
Beat the drums, His Highness comes,  
The Prince returns to Brighton!

Now for Fêtes and Routs a score,  
Prom'nades, Balls, Outridings;  
Bloomfield, in a chaise and four,  
Proclaims the joyful tidings.



Crowds of gazers walk the Steyne,  
 Prim Mammams and Misses;  
 Such were seen when Greece again  
 Beheld her lost Ulysses :

Doctor T—— a motion makes—  
 Let ev'ry beau and belle come,  
 To join his pranks, in vote of thanks,  
 To bid His Highness welcome.

Pierce a cask of gen'rous wine,  
 Claret, Port, or Sherry ;  
 Drink his health in bumpers nine,  
 'Fore George, we will be merry !

Bacchus gay shall rule the day,  
 Unless our rev'rend V—c—r,  
 A rosy Put, has pierc'd the butt,



And drank up all the liquor.

Call Fitzherbert, ancient fair!

(Would the Muse could laud her,)

Bid the Sybil bind her hair,

And put her charms in order:

J--rs--y to the feast invite,

For such a painted beldam

At fifty-six, on this side Styx,

We surely see but seldom.

Margate, boast thy lofty pier,

Thy cliff and castle, Dover;

Bath, thy fashionable cheer,

And many a Bond-street rover!

Brighton, highly favor'd spot!



Shall still outshine the million ;  
 Happy since she boasts a Prince,  
 To grace her long pavilion.

Arthur, valour's fav'rite son,  
 Bold, intrepid, brave, he  
 Cudgels Frenchmen 'till they run,  
 And makes them cry "peccavi!"

Col'nel Bloomfield, stout and tall,  
 (Was e'er a hero prouder ?)  
 Though his head escape the *ball*,  
 It does not miss the *powder*.

May old Age, a tyrant fell !  
 That fills the bones with dryness,  
 Vanquish'd by some magic spell,  
 Politely pass your Highness.



Long may Britain own your sway ;

While we, of merry sort all,

Shall wish our Prince as HORACE gay,

And, like his strains, immortal.



*EPODE II.*

---

*In Praise of a Country Life.*

---

“ Beatus ille qui procul negotiis.

---

HAPPY he, who free from care  
Breathes the sweets of country air,  
Far from town, where traffic drives,  
Noisy brats, and scolding wives.

Anxious thoughts and worldly schemes  
Ne'er disturb his pleasing dreams ;  
War for him has no alarms,  
When ambition calls to arms.



Honest, he abjures the Law,  
 Splendid Courts he never saw ;  
 Courts, where Placemen, night and day,  
 Flatter first, and then betray..

If, to cheat the ling'ring time,  
 Goddess Mirth provoke a rhyme,  
 Full of wit it smoothly runs,  
 Quaint conceits, and merry puns.

Formal pedants, bred at schools,  
 Boast of Aristotle's rules ;  
 Such, let cringing bards obey,  
 Servile wits, who write for pay.

Nought restrains his Muse of whim,  
 Critics dull may rail for him ;  
 Still he rhymes, and writes it down,  
 Let 'em smile, or let 'em frown.



If the bounteous Gods afford  
Some kind wife to spread his board,  
See him blest with, day and night,  
Converse sweet and chaste delight.

Would you once his mind bewitch—  
Give him wealth, and make him rich:  
Keep him to his low degree,  
Kings are not so blest as he.



# ODE XV. BOOK III.

*To Chloris.*

Uxor pauperis Ibyci.



DEAR Chloris, at an age like thine  
 To dance, coquet, and dress so fine,  
 And ape such youthful airs,  
 Might shock a taste not over nice,  
 So prithee take a friend's advice,  
 Repent, and say thy pray'rs.

Give o'er thy light fantastic tricks,  
 For coquetry, at fifty-six,



Credulity disarms !

Foreswear the company of beaux,

Nor thus to ridicule expose

The winter of thy charms.

No beauty thou hast left to boast,

Though twenty years a reigning toast

By coxcombs belch'd aloud ;

Retreat in time, give others room,

No nostrum can restore thy bloom,

Haste, Chloris ! nor defraud the tomb,

Death courts thee for a shroud.

Such horrid sounds discordant jar,

When, Chloris, thrumming thy guitar,

To make the heart rejoice ;

And when you sing, (unless I dream)

The Raven's croak, the Owlet's scream,

Are music to thy voice.



What sprightly Phoebe, frank and free,  
So well becomes, sits ill on thee,

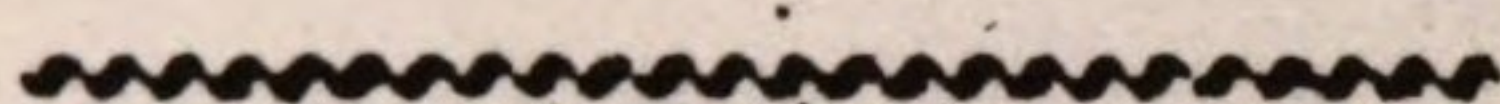
Thou folly's doating tool;  
Leave off thy loose affected prate,  
Thy childish lisp; thy mincing gait,  
And blush that vanity, so late,  
Should make thee play the fool.

O, roll no more the leering eye  
At ev'ry fop that flutters by,

Thy days of love are past:  
And mark the moral of my strain,  
Thou wrinkled Sybil, old and vain!  
That beauty, though she proudly reign,  
Must be dethron'd at last.

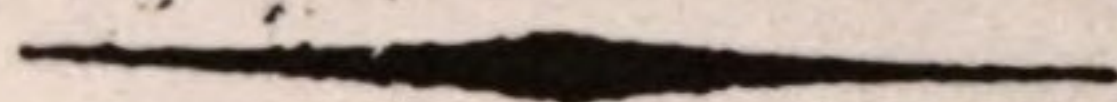


*On reading Doctor Busby's List of  
Subscribers to his pompous trans-  
lation of Lucretius.*



Homunculi quanti sunt, cum recogito ! PLAUTUS.

Now I recollect, how considerable are these little men !—



GOOD Doctor ! what a motley tribe,  
Thy zeal has tempted to subscribe ;

(Cry'd Phœbus, in amaze,)

A host of wits, who murder time

As dullness prompts, in prose and rhyme,

For profit, pride, or praise.

What mortal ever heard the names



Of Carysfort,\* or Major James,

Twin brethren of the quill?

Who, (harmless scribblers!) strange to tell,

Were never prais'd for writing well,

Or d—d for writing ill.

Curse on thy sacrilegious prose,

For thus disturbing their repose!

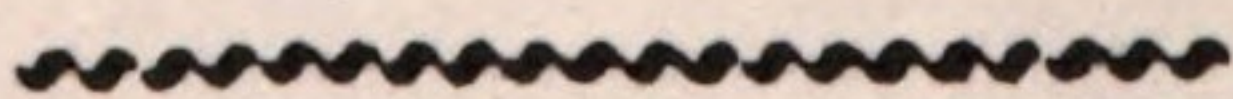
Yet, spite of this, I'll wager

Not all the bustle thou canst make,

From their eternal sleep shall wake

The musings of the *Major*.

If thou wert bent, with heart so hard,



\* Lord Carysfort has promised Doctor Busby, that his translation of Lucretius is destined to prove the *intimate companion* of Pope's Homer, in his Lordship's Library! "Man praises Man," says Cowper, and we may add "Dunce flatters Dunce!"



To crucify the Roman bard,  
And sacrifice his fame,  
What need hadst thou, devoid of grace,  
To summon all the Grub-street race,  
To testify his foul disgrace,  
And glory in his shame?

So Vulcan, in a jealous pet,  
Caught Mars and Venus, in a net,  
And then, their fame to ruin,  
Invited (rude uncivil bear!)  
The Gods and Goddesses to stare,  
And laugh at their undoing.

THE END.

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München































Daniel, George,

Virgil in London; or town eclogues To which are added, imitations of  
Horace

London [1814]

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